

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

ABIJAH STUMP:

OR, THE MAN THAT WAS MARRIED IN SPIKE OF
HIS TEETH.

There is nothing like a good set of teeth: so thought Abijah Stump as he stood viewing the various sets of artificial teeth displayed in the window of a dentist's shop in Broadway. Abijah was born and raised in the country. Nature had given him a tolerable set of teeth, but he had taken little or no pains to preserve them; they had seldom experienced those ablutions so necessary to their healthfulness and beauty, and as for undergoing the cleansing operation of the tooth-brush, Abijah had never heard the name, much less was he acquainted with the use of that instrument. His grinders one after another decayed, and nothing but a few rotten stumps, just sufficient for mastication, remained; in short, Abijah, though hardly turned of thirty, was a toothless man.

For a time Abijah cared but little for the loss he had sustained—to him it seemed no loss, only so far as it rendered the process of chewing rather more difficult. But as luck or ill luck would have it, he had lately fallen in love, and the effect on his outer man was soon visible. At church, no country beau was seen more spruce than Abijah. He wore a large ruffe attached to his shirt, which projected full six inches in front, while his queue was tied up in an eel-skin and stuck out to double that length behind. His Sunday hat, though somewhat rusty by age, was newly brushed up—shoe-buckles and knee-buckles—for Abijah arrayed himself in small-clothes—experienced the same operation—and cow-hide boots were exchanged for shoes manufactured of yellow sheep-skin. The change in the personal appearance of our hero, was indeed wonderful, and all the old women remarked "that if Abijah Stump didn't have Sally Perkins, it wouldn't be for want of trying."

But the predictions of these village oracles were not likely to be fulfilled; a sad, and to Abijah an insurmountable difficulty stood between him and the object of his wishes. Well did the great master of the human heart declare, that the course of true love never runs smooth. Abijah, poor fellow! was going on swimmingly down the afore-said stream, and had well nigh landed on the shores of matrimony, when, to his inexpressible surprise, the little will-of-the-wisp that had led him on by her smiles, declared "that she would never marry a man with no teeth." At this declaration, the under-jaw of Abijah fell like a trap door, and the whole toothless cavity of his mouth was disclosed to the inspection of his mistress.

"There—there, Sally," cried he, "you see all—see just how it is—there is no use in trying to conceal it any longer—I haven't a grinder left in my head, and if you can't take me as I am, for better or for worse, 'tis a gone case—that's all." A smothered sigh escaped the bosom of Sally; she was loth to let slip so good a match, for Abijah possessed a small farm and was well to do in the world. But woman, at her best estate, is a whimsical creature, and it was the whim of Sally that she would never be the wife of a toothless man. Accordingly, she that night gave Abijah the bag, and he crawled home to bed to dream of his double loss—the loss of his teeth and the loss of his girl.

Time jogged on, and Abijah was getting the better of his misfortunes, though he still entertained, to use the country phrase, "a sneaking notion" for his sweetheart. As to repairing his misfortunes, the thought had never once entered his head until on a visit to New-York, when he made the discovery related at the commencement of our story. Then, for the first time in his life, did the thought strike him that something in the shape of teeth might be substituted for those he had lost, but as yet he was ignorant how far his hopes could be realized.

"By Christopher!" said he aloud, after reading over the printed advertisement in the shop window aforesaid, "if these're tooth doctors can do

all they promise, I wouldn't begrudge a five dollar bill for a set."

So saying, he mounted the stair-way and bolted immediately into the operating apartment of the dentist. The manufacturer of teeth was sitting intently at work, hammering out a pinch-beck palate and shaping it according to a plaster mould which lay before him. At the entrance of a customer, he doffed his apron and flung it under the work-bench, rose and made his obeisance with a proffer of his professional service.

"Can I serve you, sir, this morning?" said he, "will you have a tooth extracted—a tooth plugged—a jaw recruited—a palate manufactured—a single tooth repaired—a whole new set put in—just take the chair and let me examine your mouth?"

Abijah, overpowered as he was by this oratorical display of skill, suffered not himself to betray the least symptom of surprise. He had too much of the Yankee in his composition to commit so egregious a blunder. A genuine son of the forest never manifests astonishment at any thing—neither does a genuine son of New-England. How far the one may have borrowed this lesson of wisdom from the other, I pretend not to decide, but the fact is tested by every day's observation that a Yankee never expresses surprise. Your New-Yorker or Virginian shall jump out of his shoes with admiration at the sight of something new, beautiful, or extraordinary, while Jonathan from "down East there," will stand steadfast and immovable as the charred stumps on his own cleared-up lands. Abijah replied, therefore, "that he merely chanced in just to see a few samples of curiosities." The dentist, somewhat disappointed in not finding a customer, set about showing the specimens of his art.

"There, sir," said the dentist, lifting a filthy, jagged looking jaw from a tumbler of water in which it was immersed, "there is the jaw of a middle-aged gentleman, about your size, that I extracted last week and supplied its place by a new set of my patent terra-queometalline teeth—teeth, jaw and all."

"Well, here is the old set," said Abijah, "and a rotten bad set it is too, but not having seen the new, I can't judge of it you know—did it answer the purpose?"

"Answer the purpose?" responded the dentist, "why, sir, the man was so pleased with it, he paid me twenty dollars beyond my original price." "The more fool he!" answered Abijah dryly, "but what I want to know is, how did these patent terra—terra—tang the dictionary name—terrible artificial teeth look in the man's mouth?"

"Look! why just look at this splendid set—did you ever see real teeth that looked half so natural? It is a set, I have just finished for the President—a slight tribute of respect and gratitude for the old general, sir—the enamel is the most perfect imaginable, just like the general's character—but come, sir, I shall have time to get up a new set for the President, and seeing it is you, I will dispose of this at a fair compensation to yourself."

Abijah had listened with deep, though concealed interest, while the dentist descanted on the merits of his workmanship. His mouth watered for just such a set as the one before him, but he had suffered not a word to escape him to that effect. He waited only for the offer to come from the dentist and that offer being made, he thought he might safely attempt to make a bargain. Gradually and cautiously he sounded the vendor of teeth.

"Well now," said he, "suppose I should want a set of teeth, what should you ask for this Jackson set?"

"Forty dollars is my regular charge," answered the dentist, but seeing it is you, you shall have them for thirty."

"Thirty dollars!" ejaculated Abijah, "by Christopher now, are you in earnest or be you only joking?"

"That's the very lowest—can't possibly put them at any less—twenty dollars wouldn't pay for the gold in them, but seeing it is you, I will split the difference and call it twenty five."

"That's more money than I have got with me," said Abijah rumaging in his breeches-pocket from which he at length drew a purse made of dried bladder-skin, "I have but fifteen dollars and five of that I must get home with—now if you have a mind to take ten dollars and hammer in that set of teeth for me, I'll pay you the ready cash and say nothing about it."

The artist remonstrated and objected to so piti-

ful a compensation for so valuable an article. Abijah rose to depart, simply observing "he guessed he wouldn't trade." He closed the door after him and was just on the point of opening it to return and give the dentist his price, when this latter personage saved him that trouble by calling him back and accepting his own offer. Abijah took the chair. His heart flapped against his side for joy, while he leaned back his head and opened wide his mouth to the hand of the operator. The way, however, was all clear. The few stumps that remained served as piers on which to erect and fasten the artificial bridge, which, with the aid of plugs and wires, was, in the course of a few hours, extended from one side of Abijah's mouth to the other. The money was paid down at the conclusion of the job, and Abijah stole down stairs, laughing in his sleeve at the bargain he had got out of the New-York dentist.

The following Sunday when Abijah appeared at church—or to use the country phrase, "at meeting"—he took especial pains to exhibit his new-hought charms. Great was the wonderment and speculation of all who beheld them—it was a mystery—"a perfect miracle," as one old lady in spectacles said, "how Abijah Stump should cut a new set of teeth in his thirtieth year?"—Not one of the whole parish suspected that the teeth were artificial—such an idea had never once entered their imagination—but each and all united with the old lady in spectacles in the belief that it was a "perfect miracle."

It was not long before the story of Abijah's good fortune reached the ears of his former sweetheart. Sally—poor Sally—like many a coquettish girl who rejects the first offer from some foolish objection, or in the hope of doing a little better, still remained single. At balls and parties she had set her cap, but some how or other she had lost the power to please, which woman, tinged with the first bright vermeil blush of maiden loveliness, always possesses. The truth is, Sally had grown older—five years older—than she was on the night she dismissed her lover. This every body knew but herself, and every body saw, but Sally, though far from being blind, for her eye was as sharp as a squirrel's, did not, or would not, see it. Finding herself thus neglected, she began seriously to repent of so hastily discarding Abijah, and that, too, for a defect which Heaven, as it were in judgment upon her pride, seemed now miraculously to have supplied.

She was sitting, one evening, about a month after the return of Abijah, alone in the parlor, plying her knitting and revolving in her mind the sad vicissitudes of things, and her own sadder fortunes, when the door opened gently, and her long lost lover himself, in his own person, entered. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold since the fatal night he had got the bag. Pride—pride, commingled with bitter recollections of the events of that night, had kept him from approaching it; yet there were times and seasons, when his heart seemed to misgive him, when the icy fetters in which he had bound it, almost dissolved, at the thought of her from whose presence he had forever shut himself out. Besides, there was a certain apprehension always flitting in his brain by day and his dreams by night, that to renew his suit was a hopeless undertaking so long as he had no teeth. But now that obstacle was removed, and acting on the time-worn adage, that faint heart never won fair lady, Abijah resolved on the attempt to overcome the others. As he entered, his feelings of smothered love broke forth in the single expression,

"Oh Sally! Sally!" The knitting-work fell from the hands of the agitated girl, and she buried her face in her apron.

"Sally!" repeated Abijah, taking a seat at her side, "let us forgive and forget—I am no longer what I was—you must have heard of the miraculous recovering of my teeth."

"I know it all," sobbed Sally, "and I repent of all—I do! should you lose all your teeth, I will never complain."

"Oh Sally!" ejaculated Abijah a third time, as throwing his arms round her neck, he made an attempt to give vent to the fulness of his joy in a kiss. At the same moment, Sally, anticipating such an event, raised her head from the incumbent position in which she had kept it, whether to meet or avoid the lips of Abijah it matters not, for, fatal accident, her occupant came in contact with the wide-opened mouth of Abijah and his new set of teeth was smothered into a thousand

fragments. His first words on recovering himself were,

"Oh Sally—Sally—what have you done—you have ruined me forever and ever."

"No such thing," said Sally half laughing and half crying, "didn't I say I would marry you if you had't a single tooth in your head?"

"Did you—did you?" exclaimed Abijah—"yes you did—but was you in earnest?"

"Try me and see," answered Sally.

The next Sunday the following announcement was made at church by the town clerk. "Abijah Stump and Sally Perkins intend marriage, if any one has reasonable objections to the contrary, let him come forward and declare them." This proclamation being repeated according to law three successive Sundays, on the night of the last the matrimonial experiment was crowned with success—thus was Abijah Stump married in SPIKE OF HIS TEETH. D.

For the Constellation.

Extract from Fashion's Courier—a periodical which will probably be published in this City about the year 1890.

It is not easy to say when the large sleeves worn by ladies and called Bishop-sleeves, which are now again about to come in vogue, were invented, or to name the inventor; for alas! short is the immortality of the cognomen of a dress-maker. But by reference to a file of old newspapers in our possession it appears they were introduced in France some seventy or eighty years ago by a very fat lady of fashion, who, as soon as they became generally the mode, had her sleeves made as tight as possible and thus at first sight seemed slimmer than those who had before laughed at her corpulence, and exclaimed "magnifique."

The fashion in due time arrived in America, for at that time our grandmothers endeavored to imitate the costume of the dames of France (as the ladies west of the Mississippi do the fashions now originated here,) and we have heard old folks tell hard stories of the uses to which they were put, such as carrying home dainties from a party for the especial benefit of the younger members of the family, and generally, as the ladies of the present day use reticules or work baskets; and this is one reason for our particularly recommending this style of sleeve, it being not only showy but useful and not likely to be lost like those old fashioned things. It is farther stated that when the sleeves had attained their greatest size, the side walks of the narrow streets in the lower part of the town were found inconvenient, scarcely allowing two ladies to pass—the subject was brought before the Common Council and they being moved thereto by their wives and daughters resolved that certain wide streets should be opened for the accommodation of fashionable ladies—to this fashion then we owe the existence of some of those noble streets which are the pride of our City.

It has often occurred to me that an acquaintance with Music and flowers will go further in furnishing the power of conversing agreeably than any knowledge of the affairs of our friends, or the most amusing scandal. If strangers, lovers of Music or flowers happen to meet, the song of a bird, or the falling of a leaf are sufficient to dissipate reserve, and make conversation easy and pleasant; to those unfortunates who are not susceptible of such gentle influences there seems to be a sort of freemasonry about this—and they wonder how people can be so dull!

A knowledge of flowers is easily obtained, but Music is a science about which to a great many there hangs much mystery; it is to be wished that some professor with sufficient literary acquirements to make it interesting, would deliver a course of lectures combined with practical instruction in this charming science—they would doubtless be successful, for we hear every day of lectures of one sort or other, and why should we not have Musical Lectures? S.

"Stay-at-Home-ness." Died, at Killingworth, in her eighty-sixth year, Mrs. Isabella Gascoign. Though the great North-road is not three miles distant, she never saw it in her life. She was the youngest of a large family, and died in the same bed in which she was born. She was mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, to a numerous progeny. Upwards of 100 years ago, Nathaniel Parnham gave the cottage to her mother for life. London Paper.

From the Diary of a late London Physician.

BODY SNATCHING.

My gentle reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a resurrectionist. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn you a "Physician's" dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reassurance upon the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet to deny us the only means of learning how? You would have us leave you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair, fair reader? Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body-snatching. It was a grotesque, if not a ludicrous scene and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied our nosology. Now it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now an ossification—now this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it was really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the dastardly schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprized of her situation and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did I— and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent in exaggerated terms the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion—but in vain, and at last said to the young men, "Well, if you are afraid only of our dissecting her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she died with you, as with us."

"Well—we'll try that, measter," replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir—'s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir—our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow—if you have spirit enough—dangerous," &c. &c. Was it not skillfully said? The baronet further told us he felt himself so curious about the matter that if fifty pounds would be of use to us, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the ecstacy with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough, M—and E—, Sir—'s dressers and myself with an experienced "grab," professional resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach, provided with all appliances, and means to boot. During the day, however, our friend the grab suffered severely from an over-night's excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected contretemps nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew were absent on professional tours! Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of "ne'er-do-weel" hanger on at the hospital, whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and in the presence of my two condutors, persuaded, threatened and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half a guinea for his evening's work, and as much whiskey as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received

a quiet douceur in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip, under the effects of which he became quite "bouncible," and ranted about the feat he was to make a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about, was the darkness to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs! It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir—'s cunning hit about the "danger"—and our "spirits!"

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of—church, with its heavy steeple grey, glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it was standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate, Tip's spirit's began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, none of us felt over much at our case. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat laudible aspect, and to be envisioned with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister's grave? They were not like to stand on much ceremony with us. And the manual difficulties! E—was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us spoke our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, we had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a bye lane to the left, which led directly to the church yard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

"Come, Tip," said I, "out with you!" "Get out, did ye say, sir? To be sure I will—Out! to be sure I will." But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangor of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to warn us against what we were going to do. "Tis a cold night, yer honors," said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if any thing was stirring but ourselves. "Tis a cold night—and—and—" he stammered.

"Why, you cowardly old scoundrel," grumbled M—, "are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane."

"Och, but yer honors—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murderous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor creature from her last sleep." He said this so questionously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprized of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously! As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half way down the lane. M—whistled with infinite success and distinctness; E—remarked to me that he "always thought that a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;" and I talked about business—"soon be over"—"shallow grave," &c. &c. "Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers should be there?" said M—abruptly making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them?" muttered B—. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard; a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders—elevated both hands in a listening attitude; and exclaimed "Whist! whist! By my soul; what was that?" We all

paused in silence, looking palely on one another; but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little over-head.

"Fait; an' wasn't it somebody *spaking* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Pho; stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper, "Come, M—and—", it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense, and if we mean really to do anything, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve; day breaks about four; and it is coming on wet, you see." Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunderstorm. We therefore buttoned up our great coats to the chin, and hurried to the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed in a second or two by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cock-chatter shaken from an elm tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttered Paternosters. We could scarce help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. "Now, look ye, gentlemen," said he, still squatted on the ground, "do ye mane to give the poor errator Christian burial, when ye've done wid her? An' will ye put her back again as ye found her? 'Case, if ye wont, blood an' coons!"

"Now, look ye, Tip," said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of empty pistols I had put into my great coat pocket, and presenting it to his head, "we have hired you on this business, for want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of this nonsense, by—I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?" "Och, aisy, aisy, wot ye! don't murder me! Bad luck to me, that I ever cam wid ye! [They soon cleared the wall and discovered the grave.]

We had no umbrellas, and our great coats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service. By exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c.; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally rumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy doings—at least it felt so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarce see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got under ground, taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, startled me so, that I protest I thought I should drop down dead in the grave! I was robbing. I and my fellow digger dropped our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two, in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an ass, that was turned at night into the church yard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw. Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh! The brute was actually close upon us, and had given tongue from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprang the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got in it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear, lest the noise should lead to our discovery, that I could have killed the brute, if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered in an affrighted whisper—"Och, tho baste! Och, the baste! The big black devil of a baste! The murderous—murdering"—and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whiskey as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy, that we soon cleared away the remainder of the super-

incumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grappers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of five or six minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four at us upon it, and depositing it on the grave side. Before proceeding to use our screws, or wrenches, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing anything, we set to work, and prised off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrouded inmate, all white and damp.

Thus were we engaged when E— gasped—"Oh, my God! there they are!" and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter where his eyes were directed, and sure enough saw the figure of a man, if not two, moving stealthily towards us. "Well, we're discovered, that's clear," I whispered as calmly as I could. "We shall be murdered!" groaned E—. "Lend me one of the pistols you have with you," said M—, resolutely. "By—I'll have a shot for my life, however!" "Hush—hush!" said I, cocking my pistol, while M did the same; for none but myself knew they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scintillating light she had been doing out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, "black as Erebus," but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. "Surrounded!" two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, "Where are they? where? Sure I saw them! Oh, there they are! Hallo—hallo—hallo!"

That was enough—the signal for our flight. Without an instant's pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprang like a small shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarce knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves—now coming full butt against a plaguy tombstone, then stumbling on the slippery grass; while some one followed close at my heels panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone, and finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my encircling myself, the sound of the person's footsteps who had followed me, suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of "Ugh—oh—ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay; the night was dark, and if I crept from my hiding place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe. Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till day light? What was become of my companions? While I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-mothered human voice—"Ugh! ugh! Och, murder! murder! murder!"—another splash—"and isn't it drowned and kilt I am!"

"Whew! Tip in trouble," thought I, not daring to speak. Yes, it was poor Tip, I afterwards found, who had followed at my heels scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—so—head over heels, into a newly-opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:

"Och, Tip, ye could devil! Don't it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villainous old coffin robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye

sinner? Ullaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be treated like that poor cratur, and yourself alive to see it! Oeh, hubbahoo! hubbahoo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be?—a loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he was re-adjusting his footing.—“Oeh, an' I'm catching my dith of cold! Faint, an' it's devil a drop o' the two bottles o' whiskey I'll ever see.”

“Tip—Tip—Tip!” I whispered in a low tone. There was a dead silence. “Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?” No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself:—“Where am I, by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am that's all!”

“Tip! Tip! Tip!” I repeated a little louder. “Tip, indeed! Faint ye may call, but luck to ye, whoever ye are—but it's devil a word I'll be after speaking to ye.”

“Tip, you simperton! It's I—Mr. —?” In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out:—“Who! Who an' isn't you, sweet Mr. —? What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?” he asked eagerly, in a breath.

“Why, what are you doing, Tip? where are you?”

“Faint, an' it's being washed I am, in the feet, and in the queerest tub your honor ever saw!” A noise of scuffling not many yards off, silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E—, calling out:—“Help, M—!” my name—“Where are you?” The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, and both of us hurried towards the spot where the sound came from. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling, and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collar, grasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E—'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had discomfited and affrighted us—OUR COACHMAN. That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search for us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see as distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, when we should all have understood one another—when lo, we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambushade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E—. Finding all quiet, he and E—, as by natural consent, were groping from their hiding places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c. in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful—impious mockery! and consigned it once more to its resting place. Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently:—“An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye!” The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M—, and E—, and Tip to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence was throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right! On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards further in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses being hungry and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch; and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—his body off the ground, and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however, deposited our unholy spoil within, turned the horses' heads towards the high road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that “shovelling in was much easier than shovelling out!” We took great pains to leave every thing as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried each our own tools, and hurried us fast as possible to our

coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad day light before we reached town, and a wretched coach company we looked; all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be “the devil's own dear self that should tempt me again *body snatching!*”

* On examining the body, we found that Sir —'s suspicions were fully verified. It was a disease of the heart—but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers.

CREDULITY.

There is probably no people on the globe so credulous as the English. No story is too wild or improbable to be believed by them; no imposition too gross to be successful. Witness the famous South Sea scheme, by which thousands of honest, yet credulous men, were bubbled out of their all. Witness the story of the ghost in Cock lane, which was the engrossing theme of conversation for a time, in all parts of Great Britain; which caused even men of sense and reflection, to turn pale with apprehension, and philosophers to puzzle themselves in vain to solve this singular phenomenon—and which finally proved to be a simple artifice of a little girl, who was all the time laughing in her sleeve at the absurdity of the credulous fools around her.

The names of Joanna Southcote and Ann Moore, rank high on the list of the many gross impostors, who have diverted themselves with the credulity of the English public. But the most remarkable authentic instance of credulity recorded of the English, is the famous deception of the Bottle Conjuror—the circumstances relative to which, as they may be unknown to many of our readers, we shall relate somewhat at large.

The Duke of Montague being in company with some other noblemen, asserted that let a man advertise to do the most incredible thing in the world—fools would be found enough in London sufficient to fill a play-house, who would think him in earnest. “Surely,” said Lord Chesterfield, “if a man should advertise that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would be fool enough to believe it.” For the joke's sake it was determined to try the experiment; and it was accordingly advertised the next day, (January 17, 1749,) that a person at the Haymarket Theatre, among a great variety of surprising feats, would, on the stage, in the presence of the spectators, get into a quart bottle, without any equivocation, and while there, sing a variety of songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle, &c.

Accordingly, in consequence of this advertisement, the theatre was crowded with quite a fashionable audience, who waited till seven o'clock—then becoming impatient, and beginning to exhibit unequivocal marks of dissatisfaction, an actor came from behind the curtain, and declared that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. A wag immediately cried out that for double prices the conjuror would go into a pint bottle. The hoax was smothered—a tumult commenced—each one was anxious to get out of the scrape as quickly as possible. In this desperate struggle for precedence, many were trampled upon and seriously injured. The pickpockets made a glorious booty. The Duke of Cumberland lost his sword, which was broken in the confusion. It was a present from one of the Princes of Germany. A reward of thirty guineas was offered for its recovery; and it was brought him next day. Many persons of high rank and respectability were present, but the “Bottle Conjuror” proved to them always afterwards a theme of mortification and disgust.

But while we smile at the credulity of John Bull, can Brother Jonathan himself be exempted from a similar charge. Perhaps there are no people less superstitious than the Americans; and if we except the English, no people more easily become the dupes of the designing. A story is invented by some wicked wag, or swindling speculator; and the more foolish and improbable it may be, the more rapidly it is circulated and believed. A strange infatuation at times exercises an influence over every class of our citizens. It commences in one quarter, and diverges from a centre to every point of the compass. It is an epidemic; the atmosphere is infected; and it is borne on the breeze to all parts of the country. While laboring under the delusion, the faculties of reason and judgment seem suspended; it is a temporary *monomania*. A few weeks pass by, and we are restored to our senses; we awake as it were from a dream, and wonder at our former folly.

Exeter Newsletter.

A Short Parliament. The shortest parliament on record was that of 1399, which had but one session, of a single day, and during that short space they contrived to upset our king and set up another.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

THE SMUGGLER.

Among the mountains on the frontiers of * * *, in Germany, is situated a lonely village, once inhabited by poor, but industrious and virtuous people; now, since it has been thrown into the corner of a kingdom, a nest of smugglers and thieves where all the vices have taken up their abode, and where they are fostered by the lucrative though dangerous profession that is there pursued. Here with all the pride of banditti boasting of their achievements, they related to me a circumstance the thought of which makes me shudder.

“Come along,” said a father one evening to his daughter, a girl of thirteen, who had just returned from the pastor of the village, who was giving her instructions, preparatory to confirmation, “put on your thick coat; we have something to get to night.—Bid your mother good bye, and beg her to lay her hand upon your head; for we cannot tell whether the Almighty will bring us safe through the business or not.” They set out.—The wind blew intensely cold over the hills, and howled among the trees; while low clouds, heavily laden with snow sailed slowly over the grey heads of the naked rocks.—They proceeded in silence along an unfrequented mountain-path, clambered like chamois along a yawning abyss, where a foaming torrent was struggling against the overpowering force of winter.—“Lay hold of my belt,” whispered the father, as though apprehensive lest the very air should overhear him, “and hold fast—’tis not the most pleasant walking here.” The girl trembled with cold and fear, and silently followed her rough conductor.

“Stop!” he cried all at once, “do you hear nothing? Were not those men's voices?”

“No, father, it is the wind howling through the pines.”

“Stand still, then, and listen—that must be footsteps. I hear them quite plain.”

“No, father, it is the ice that is bursting in the abyss, and the water, dashing against the rocks.” The old man, wrapped in a grey surtout, clapped his ear to the side of the rock to listen, and presently cried, “Come on!” The path became more difficult and the rocks more abrupt.

“Should any misfortune befall me to-night, my dear girl,” said he, “tell your mother she must not give up the business; I have made a profitable concern of it, and I should not die content if I believed it would drop with my life. You are now old enough to lend a hand! and when you have once taken the sacrament, you will be able, I should think, to carry on the thing well enough.”

He then directed her to conceal herself in a small cavern in the rock. “You may eat your supper there,” he observed, “for we are now upon the frontier; and up yonder you would only be in my way, I will whistle, when I come back. When you hear that sign, look about you and bestir yourself!”

With these words he continued his ascent, and the half-frozen girl crept sobbing into the snowy retreat to say a paternoster. At a dizzy depth below her, the torrent roared monotonously—and before her, the wind whirled the snow in furious eddies from the rocks. She was alone in this dreary spot.

After a while the appointed signal was given, and she heard footsteps. Her father came with a pack, which he dragged after him.

“Here,” said he, “pull it in! it is but light; you will have no difficulty. ’Tis worth a good round sum, though.”

The pack was deposited in the cavern, and the smuggler went back again. The girl, meanwhile, crouched behind the pack, and rubbed her frozen limbs to warm and keep herself awake. Some time again a whistle was given as before, and the father returned with another load.—He bade her take up the first, and made her go on before him.

“Father, I hear dogs barking!—don't you?”

“No, no, child, it is only the wheezing of my old lungs.”

“There again! I fancy I hear something behind us.”

“Go along, girl, and hold your tongue.”

“There is something moving behind us, father, down yonder, don't you see?”

“Good God! The sharpshooters! We are lost if we cannot reach the ravine!”

A dog came up and threatened to seize the man, when, clinging, without other hope of safety to the rock, he hurled his pack at the animal, which tumbled, howling, together with a mass of snow, down the precipice. “Give it me,” he cried, taking the lighter load from the girl, grasping her hand firmly, and drawing her with accelerated steps down the rocky path. Fright deprived her of the use of her limbs, and he dragged her along like a dead thing. Destruction pressed

closer upon their heels. Voices repeatedly cried “Halt!” No answer was returned, and the report of a piece was reverberated a hundred fold by the echoes of the mountains. The ball struck the rock and dropped at their feet.

“Merciful God!” ejaculated the girl, “I cannot go any farther.—Leave me here, father: they will not murder me. No, no, no; leave me here, and make your escape.”

“You will betray me, and bring your father to the gallows. Come, come along!”

Filled with despair, he raised her from the ground, and wound with his two fold burnus around a ledge of rocks. It was to no purpose. The sharpshooters appeared above and below, and the anxiety of the smuggler increased every instant. The girl had sunk down as if faint, and all the efforts of the affrighted father to arouse her were unavailing. Again was heard the cry of “Halt! Halt!” Again the balls whizzed past, and the rain of the law kept approaching nearer and nearer. Life or death depended on a single moment. The bent over his child, and caught her in his arms. “So be it,” said God in my utmost need!” he ejaculated aloud, and threw her down the abyss. The body dashed against the projecting crags in the descent, and rolled into the torrent beneath.

The pursuers stood against the atrocious deed, and overpowered with horror, dropped their weapons. The smuggler escaped with his pack, and has since often visited the same spot, on a similar errand.

FORCE OF GUNPOWDER.

The removal of the ruins of St. Paul's, forms an instructive chapter in architecture. The walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower, at least two hundred feet high, though cracked, and swayed, and tottering, struck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by stone was found tedious and dangerous. At first, men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, then canted them over, and laborers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses there lay a street only some thirty yards wide) made this way slow and unsafe; several men lost their lives, and the piles of stone grew steep and large. “Thus, however,” Wren proceeded,” says his son, “gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower, that bore the steeple; the remains of the tower being near two hundred feet high, the laborers were afraid to work above, thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the use of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the northwest pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet diameter; when he had dug to the foundation, he then, with crows and tools made on purpose, wrought a hole two feet square hard into the centre of the pillar; there he placed a little tin box containing eighteen pounds of powder, and no more; a cane was fixed to the box with a quick match, as gunners call it, within the case, which reached from the box to the ground above, and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match; after the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the top of the ground, he then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower with two great arches which rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them; and this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruins in the place without scattering; it was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places and emitted some smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder, eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand laborers. The fall of so great weight from a height of two hundred feet gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants around took for an earthquake. During Wren's absence, his superintendent made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and, neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object; but one stone was displaced with such violence, that it flew to the opposite side of the churchyard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighborhood so much that they united in petitioning that no more powder should be used.

Life of Wren.

What did Doctor Galen mean, When he took a wife so lean? Could his purpose merely be The study of Anatomy?

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1831.

ART OF SELLING.

Among the innumerable arts with which this artful world abounds, the art of selling is by no means the least. It is indeed a very universal art; for most people have occasion for its use more or less during their lives. We do not speak of that higher trade of selling consciences, smiles, good offices, and places under government. We say nothing of bartering affections for gold, or honor for power. We shall confine ourselves to the every day art of selling, as practiced among our merchants and tradesmen.

No art is required in selling to such persons as are really in want of the article to be disposed of. They require no urging to buy; they want no persuasion to do that which they are prepared to do. It is only those who have no occasion to purchase, with whom the art of selling is to be displayed. To make people purchase what they do not want, and what they are previously resolved not to buy, is the perfection of the art of selling.

This art consists of several branches. The first is, to make people believe they are in want of the article offered, in spite of all evidence to the contrary. The second is, to persuade them that the article is wonderfully cheap, and therefore they should purchase it, whether they want it or no. And the third is, to fill them with the idea, that though they may not want it at present, it will be for their interest to purchase it against the time of need. So that by hook or by crook a purchaser may be gained, and the seller may dispose of his goods.

In order to effect this desirable object, it is considered important to display the wares or merchandise to the best advantage. This is particularly observable among the retailers of dry goods and of jewelry—of silks and muslins, of ribands and trinkets. A most judicious display is made by arranging them at the doors and windows, and exhibiting them in glass cases. Some of these cases being inlaid with mirrors, display the shining articles manifold, to the admiration of the eye and the temptation of the heart. Thus, though silent, the goods seem to say to every beholder, Buy! Buy!

But the skilful seller does not trust alone to this general and silent appeal. He is not chary of his labor, nor a niggard of his smiles. He heaps the counter with goods in the greatest profusion. He takes down from the shelves whatsoever you cast your eye upon; and hands from the drawers such things as you never dreamt of. You beg that he will not trouble himself, as you have no design to extend your purchases. He assures you, it is no trouble at all—not the least. He will charge you nothing for looking at the goods. But the sly gentleman means to make you pay for it nevertheless.

Dropping into a dry goods store the other morning, *a la Paul Pry*, we heard a lady saying—
“Don't lay any more things on the counter, Mr. Leno—I shan't purchase another article to-day.”

Why, dear madam, we don't ask you to purchase,” said the smiling Mr. Leno, still spreading out more goods—“we merely wish to show you what we've got.”

“This lace is very beautiful,” said the lady.
“Isn't it beautiful now?” said the retailer—“I know you'd say so as soon as you saw it—there's not another such a piece in the market. We got it on purpose to supply some of our most esteemed customers, among which we have the pleasure of numbering you, ma'am.” A polite bow and an irresistible smirk.

“It is certainly very fine—very indeed; but I think I can get equally as good at Mr. Jackson's.”

“Oh-h-h! no touch to it, ma'am—no more like than brown Holland to cambric linen. Oh-h, no ma'am, you'll permit me to know something about it. I've seen the article, and it's altogether different from ours—not the same kind of goods by any means. We purchased this, when things were cheap; but now, Lord! we couldn't replace it with twice the money.”

“All that may be true, Mr. Leno—and to be sure you ought to know if any body; but really, sir, I don't want the article.”

“I wouldn't urge you to buy it, ma'am by any means; but really it is so cheap, and you may not have another opportunity to supply yourself on such terms these two years—perhaps never.”

“Why, that is true indeed, Mr. Leno, and on

second thoughts I don't know but I may as well take a couple of yards or so.”

“Hadn't you better take the whole piece? It's a pity to cut it, and I'm sure you'll never regret your bargain.”

“Perhaps not—I think I'll take the whole.”

The lace was put up, the money paid and the lady took her leave. As she was going out at the door, Mr. Leno exchanged glances with his partner, as much as to say—We've made a hundred per cent on that article.

Being satisfied with Mr. Leno, we quitted his premises, and popped into a jeweller's shop. A lady had just finished making some trifling purchases, and was about taking her leave, when a most melodious voice from behind the counter said.

“Any thing else to-day, ma'am?”

“Nothing else,” returned the lady—“good morning, sir.”

“Let me show you some splendid ear-rings—an article I have just imported—a most superb specimen of the very latest fashion.”

“Don't give yourself any trouble to show them, Mr. Trinket.”

“I don't value the trouble, ma'am.”

“There's no use in taking them out, Mr. Trinket—I shan't purchase.”

“Oh, by no means, ma'am—I don't ask you to purchase. I merely wish to show you the goods, that's all. There's no harm in looking at them you know.”

“Well, I can look at them, if that's all; but I assure you—”

“An't they splendid?”

“Splendid! Why, they are decent perhaps.”

“Decent! Oh! dear madam, they're splendid—superb, nothing like them. Why, madam, they are of the royal stamp—precisely such as Queen Adelaide wears.”

“Does she indeed? Does the Queen of England wear them?”

“They're the real Adelaide jewels, I do assure you. Just slip one into your ear, ma'am.”

“There's no use in it, Mr. Trinket—I can't possibly purchase.”

“But there's no harm in seeing how they look, you know.”

“That's true—but I wouldn't have you think I've any idea of buying them.”

“There! there! now look at yourself in the glass. Isn't it pretty?”

“Why, it is very pretty, I must confess. Queen Adelaide no doubt has a fine taste in jewels.”

“Now just try the other, if you please. You can't see them to advantage, without having them both in your ears.”

“I can try the other, just to please you—but I tell you again I shan't purchase.”

“There now! ma'am, look at yourself once more in the glass.”

“They're charming upon my word!”

“Indeed they are, and you look divinely in them, too. Queen Adelaide herself couldn't appear to better advantage—by the by, madam, your complexion and the contour of your face are very much like those of the Queen.”

“Do you think so, Mr. Trinket?”

“It's a positive fact.”

“Heigho! but I can't purchase them.”

“I sold a pair to the Governor's lady but yesterday; and the daughter of the Consul from the Loo Choo Islands took another pair this morning.”

“Loo Choo—that's on the continent of Europe I believe. But as to the jewels—I don't know—perhaps in a day or two.”

“I have but two pair left ma'am.”

“Only two pair?”

“That's all, ma'am—and one pair of them is promised.”

“And Queen Adelaide wears them, and the Governor's wife, and the Consul's daughter of the Loo Choo Islands? I think I will take them, Mr. Trinket.”

She paid the cash, and the jeweller, bursting into a laugh as soon as she was gone, said—
“What a fool that woman is! The ear-rings are some old ones that have been on hand these twenty years. But no matter—all trades must live.”

We left the jeweller's and dropped in at a clothes ware-house. Presently a man with a dirty collar stepped in, to purchase a clean one.

“Only one collar, sir?”

“One collar! why that's enough, aint it, to put on at one time?”

“Hadn't you better take half a dozen?”

“Oh Lord! sir, what should I do with half a dozen shirt-collars, when I have but one shirt in the world?”

“So much the more need of collars then, Can't we sell you half a dozen?”

“Why, I don't know—how much do you ax? If I can get 'em real cheap?”

“Only three dollars for half a dozen—as cheap as dirt, you see.”

“Won't you take off a dollar?”

“A dollar! that's a large discount. They are absolutely cheap at three dollars—but seeing it's you, I'll split the difference. Any thing else to-day?”

“No, nothin' else.”

“Can't we sell you some shirts?”

“Shirts! by gorry, I can't afford to keep shirts and collars too.”

“But you'd better take two or three—you can't well get along with one, you know. Here are some beautiful ruffled ones. Shall I put you up a couple?”

“Why I don't know what to say, Mister—perhaps I'll take one.”

“You'd better take two.”

“Well, seeing it's you, I will—if so be you'll make a generous discount.”

“Certainly—we'll take off twenty per cent, Any thing else to-day?”

“No, I can't buy any more.”

“We have some very superb dickies, with fashionable studs—shall I show them to you?”

“Oh, don't show no more, for heaven's sake—I've bought enough to ruin me already.”

“But I won't charge you any thing for looking at them.”

“Well, these are magnificent upon my word I wish I'd bought them in the room of the shirts.”

“Why, you can have them both, you know.”

“Yes, but then they cost such a plaguy sight—they'll dreen a feller of his cash afore he knows it.”

“No danger of that, I take it. That pocket-book of yours will stand a pretty good siege yet. Shall I put you up half a dozen?”

“No, not so many as that—four will do. There, mister there's your money—don't ax me to buy any more, I beg on ye.”

“Can't we sell you a suit of cloths to-day?”

“Whew! don't mention it—don't now—I can't stand it.”

“Just try on this coat if you please.”

“Why, I can put it on, Mister, if that's all, just to oblige you.”

“I want to see how it looks on a well built man. There! now just walk to the glass, and see how it appears—I think I never saw a finer fit in my life.”

“It does somehow look pretty nice, I swaggers!”

“Now what a fine addition that would be to your collars, your shirts, and dickies.”

“Yes, but I can't afford 'em all.”

“It's very cheap—only twenty-five dollars.”

“Wont you take twenty?”

“Why really we can't afford it—but since you've been so good a customer to-day, why—you may take it at your own price.”

“Whew! this makes my pocket book as lank as a Methodist preacher.”

“Now let us sell you the waistcoat and pantaloons.”

“The devil's in the man! Can't you let a body alone without makin 'em buy all you've got?”

“You really ought to have the vest and pantaloons to make out your suit. It's of no interest to me, you know—not the least. But you're the very man I like to sell clothes to—you somehow or other become them so well. I'll put you the vest and pantaloons very cheap.”

“Well, hang it, seeing it's you, if you'll let me have 'em at half price, I'll take 'em.”

“Half price! Ah well, never mind—we've been giving you all the other things, and it's too late to stand for a price now.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Any thing else to-day?”

“Confound your long-tongued gizzard! if you ax me to buy another thing, I'll knock you down. Good bye.”

“Good bye sir,—call again whenever you come this way.”

Thus the poor fellow; who at first intended to purchase only a single collar, was induced to take a whole suit, together with sundry changes of shirts, collars and dickies—and all above their real value, though apparently at his own price. Such are a few of the every day exhibitions of the

ART OF SELLING.

FEMALE EDUCATION. The great fault of female education at the present day is, to overlook the useful in pursuit of the ornamental. Girls are taught every thing except that which they are to practice in after life. They are fitted for fine foolish ladies, and not for good sensible house-wives. They obtain just knowledge enough of a variety of branches to make them appear ridiculous in all, and render them adepts in none.

THE RECOMMENDATION.

A young man, from Connecticut, came into Dutchess county a year or two since, to teach a school. He passed a tolerable examination before a committee, and was pronounced to be well qualified for the task. But being a stranger in those parts, some recommendation as to character was deemed requisite.

“Have you any credentials as to your moral character?” asked one of the committee.

“No,” said the teacher carelessly, “I didn't think it necessary to bring any written recommendation. My father is a clergyman.”

“Ah! indeed? Is the Rev. Mr. — your father?”

“The same.”

“Oh, we've all heard of him. I think we'll venture to engage you. Surely the son of a clergyman ought to be a man of good morals.”

“I trust so,” said the schoolmaster elect, with most commendable length of face.

All preliminaries being arranged, the school commenced; and for some time the new teacher deported himself to the admiration of his employers.

“What a fine thing it is,” said one, “to have a clergyman to one's father. Our schoolmaster now is proof of what good bringing up can do. Here he came without any recommendation, and we employed him merely on the reputation of his father. And now he's a pattern to all the young men in the neighborhood.”

“That's a fact truth,” said another—“we have had a moral and a soberer schoolmaster these twenty years.”

In short, he was the theme of general praise with both young and old, male and female. Mothers encouraged him to visit their daughters, and daughters were emulous who should receive him with the most marked attention. But unluckily for the clergyman's son, he had an old complaint, which, though kept under for a while, at length began to break out anew with much violence. He got as drunk as a fiddler's — no matter what. The people stared prodigiously, and wondered how it could happen.

“'Tis strange!” said one.

“I can't account for it,” said another.

“I dare say it won't happen again,” said a third.

“Every body must be drunk once in their lives,” said a fourth.

“It's a bad example for our children,” said a fifth; “but we must overlook this one offence.”

Thus charitably they spake; but the disease having broke out anew, was not easy to be checked. The master was frequently found in his cups, and every day he had more or less of a drop in the eye. The inhabitants could bear it no longer.

“Confound the fellow,” said a farmer, “he gets as drunk as a beast every day.”

“Yes, there he goes now most confoundedly cut,” said a shoemaker.

“He was corned to the back-bone last night,” said a butcher.

“And that's your clergyman's son, is it!” said one who had been formerly most zealous in his praise. “I thought how 'twould turn out; but our committee-men will never be ruled by men of sense.”

“For my part,” said the farmer, “I wouldn't trust a clergyman's son any further than I could sling a two-year old bull by the tail.”

“They're always spoilt in the bringing up,” said one of the committee. “I wonder how we come to be so taken in.”

“Oh the drunken brute!” exclaimed a lady, who had been most forward in bringing him to her house—“I always thought he would turn out no better than he ought to be.”

“Faugh! how he staggers along the street,” said a young lady, who had most decidedly set her cap for him—“I wonder how any young woman could think of ever speaking to such a filthy creature. I thank heaven, I had too much penetration from the first to be deceived.”

Such were the observations now made against the clergyman's son, who but a few days before had been the admiration of the whole neighborhood. His habits could be no longer endured, and he was called before the committee to take his dismissal.

“And so!” said they, “you're the clergyman's son, are you?”

“The same, gen-tle-men-the a-same,” replied the teacher, with considerable reeling and titubation from his last night's debauch.

“And how dared you impose upon us in this way?”

“No im-po-si-tion, gen-tle-men, I assure you. I am the son of the R-R-Rev. Mr. —, and if any man pretends to dispute it—”

“But how comes it, if you are a clergyman's son, that you get drunk?”

"Why, gentlemen, if you want to know you must ask the clergyman himself—for my part I'm so dry I can hardly speak the truth—and gentlemen I bid you good morning. What a glorious thing it is to have a clergyman for one's father! It's a recommendation all the world over."

PRETTY MARGARET BROWN. We are informed that an accidental identity of names has led a young lady of this city to imagine that the portrait of Margaret Brown, in our last number, was intended for her. But our Margaret was homely, while the real Margaret claims to be handsome; and, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*—hence the dissatisfaction. But the single circumstance of our Margaret's want of beauty, while the real Margaret claims that quality—to say nothing of ours being married to a member of Congress, while the other is still single—should have been sufficient proof that our portrait was not drawn for her. However, we state for the satisfaction of the young lady and her friends, that we were so unfortunate as never to have heard of her, previous to the publication of our article—which describes a being wholly imaginary, and in every thing, except beauty, much superior to the generality of her sex. Why, the single qualification of making good coffee, which we have allowed the fictitious Margaret, would be sufficient to immortalize any real woman.

PLAYS OF MASSINGER. Messrs J. & J. Harper have this day published the Plays of Massinger, in three volumes—comprising the three first numbers of a Dramatic series of the Family Library. The first of these volumes contains an engraved likeness of Massinger, and a short biography. He was cotemporary with Shakespeare, and one of that brilliant constellation of dramatic writers who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century. The publication of the Dramatic Series will be most acceptable to those who are fond of reading a play; and the Messrs. Harpers deserve much credit for furnishing American readers with this species of literature through the medium of their press.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS. The Life of Burns, by Lockhart, has just been published (for the first time in this country) by William Stodart, No. 6 Courtland street, and C. S. Francis, 252 Broadway. Prefixed to this edition is an Essay on the Writings of Robert Burns, by an American author. The work is published in neat style, in one 18 mo. volume of some 300 pages. The subject is one of too much interest to require a word from us. Every body reads and admires the poetry of Burns; every body listens to his songs with a thrill of rapture. And it can hardly be supposed that the Life of an author, who is so much admired, should not be read with corresponding interest.

HANGING, TO ESCAPE FUTURE PUNISHMENT. Mrs. Laura Holcomb, of Peru, Mass, lately hung herself in consequence of "Religious Excitement." This is but one of a thousand instances of suicide from the same cause. Wrought to the deepest pitch of despair by those who should rather "temper the breeze to the shorn lamb," and placing before their imagination the "burning lake," which they believe to be their inevitable portion, they rush unbidden to the grave, to prove as early as possible the truth of their fears!

PARK THEATRE. We understand the French Company are expected at the Park on Monday the 22d inst.

DESPICABLE SELECTIONS.

From the Massachusetts Journal and Tribune.
MAN-TRAPS.

"What is a man-trap?" asked little George; "I often read in the English papers about man-traps and spring guns. What do they mean?" I answered the boy, that man-traps were used in England to prevent a hungry laborer from catching a hare for his dinner, lest he should interfere with the sports of a neighboring nobleman, who wanted to keep the poor creature to be hunted for his amusement. "And do they have any in this country?" asked the child. The question put me to thinking; and for weeks after, everything I saw made me think of man-traps.

I passed by a hair-dresser's shop and saw curls and puffs of every size and shade; I smiled as I thought of George's question, whether there were any man-traps in this country. I walked in the rear of a fashionable lady, sailing down the mall, like a man of war, with her flags all flying; her clothes were most obligingly short, so as to leave but little doubt of the extent of her understanding, and a huge bishop jutted out behind, like the hump on a Bactrian camel; here are plenty of man-traps, thought I. I went into a grocer's shop, and found him selling to his worthy townsmen at

half price; he was candidate for representative, and the election was a doubtful one; more man-traps, thought I. I heard a portrait painter talking to a wealthy man about the extraordinary beauty of his wife and children; another man-trap, quoth I. I heard a pious mother telling a rich invalid what a precious nurse her daughter was, how noiselessly she stole about the room, and how sweetly she administered medicine—another man-trap, thought I. I went into an editor's room, and found a heap of new books, very beautifully bound, and presented with the very "best respects of the author"—Humph! very pretty man-traps, said I. The editor read me his puff—Very just and proper, thought I—a man-trap for a man-trap—a most equitable barter. He read me his editorial remarks—they were bitter against the aristocracy and full of love to the people—It was a string of man-traps from beginning to end. While he was yet reading, a man came in whose sister was about to open a large school in the neighborhood; he told the editor he had just heard a distinguished individual declare his paper was the best in the U. S.—a very cunning man-trap, thought I. The next day the paper contained a flourishing advertisement of the school. I went to church; and I saw a string of watch-chains and bracelets suspended round the pulpit, and heard the ministers declare that such a poor widow, and such an awakened sinner, and such a little child, had given these offerings,—and all for the love of souls. Oh, dear! Where shall I go to escape from man-traps? said I. I heard a man say during the week that he considered the Bible the best code of morals, and Jesus Christ and George Washington the two best of men; the Sabbath after, I heard him name his text from the Holy Bible, and beg that his prayer might be accepted through, *Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. Alas, thought I, why will men set traps even in their forms of speech. Both of these last were extreme and unusual cases, to be sure; but why should traps ever be set? I went into the Legislature, and I saw a man going round to forty different members, begging them to speak in favor of a certain cause, which he had his own private reasons for supporting; he told each one that he particularly wished to secure his interest, on account of his unrivalled talent and influence. The forty man-traps, caught thirty-nine victims. I went to Washington—and I found things were a million times worse than elsewhere. The ground was covered with man-traps, on which were written in great brazen letters **PATRIOTISM!** and **REFORM!** They had a specious appearance; and the thousands that trusted to them tumbled into a huge kennel of mud and slime!

I began to feel nervous—I found there was safety nowhere. Society was full of man-traps.—They were spread in the senate and in the church—in the ball-room and in the streets. Ah, who but a simple boy would ask, if there are any man-traps in this country?

From Badger's Weekly Messenger.
DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT.
SUNDAY MORNING.

It was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here, numbers of well dressed persons, and a long train of charity children, were thronging in at the wide doors of a large, handsome church.—There, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting-house.—Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into their retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipped in holy water as he went in. The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of Quakers, distinguished by their plain and neat attire, and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into the room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of methodists, most of them plainly habited, but decent and serious in demeanor; while a small society of Baptists in the neighborhood quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services resounded with the solemn organ, and with the distinct murmurs of a large body of people following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meetings were heard the slow psalm and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced the self-collected and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. Ambrose led his Edwin round all the different assemblies as a spectator. Edwin viewed every thing with great attention, and was often

impatient to inquire of his father the meaning of what he saw; but Mr. Ambrose would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations even by a whisper. When they had gone through the whole, Edwin found a great many questions to put to his father, who expressed every thing to him in the best manner he could. At length says Edwin,

But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God in the same way?

And why should they agree? replied his father. Do you not see that people differ in a hundred other things? Do they all dress alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the same hours, and use the same diversions?

Ay—but those are things in which they have a right to do as they please.

And they have a right, too, to worship God as they please. It is their own business, and concerns none but themselves.

But has God ordered particular ways of worshipping him?

He has directed the mind and spirit with which he is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose, according as suits his temper and opinions. All these people like their own way best, and why should they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of those things in which *making* are made to differ.

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was again overspread with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood around him, crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion gave their help. A Churchman raised him from the ground, by lifting him under the arms, while a Presbyterian held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling bottle, and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor. A Quaker supported and comforted the woman, and a Baptist took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the spectators. Here, said Mr. Ambrose, is a thing in which *making* are made to agree.

The following details of the abdication of the Ex-Emperor of Brazil are copied from late Buenos Ayres papers.

A farewell address to the Brazilians has been published in the Rio papers from the Emperor, dated on board H. B. M's. ship *Warspite*. Private letters say that after having signed the abdication (which he himself wrote,) he sent for the French and English Ministers and showed them the abdication document, and threw himself on the latter's protection. They both tried to persuade him from taking such a step, and his amiable wife upon her knees intreated him to accede to the wishes of the people, and except the Ministry they proposed, he however, expressed his disgust at the ingratitude with which he has been treated, and refused, stating at the same time his intention to live in England for the present as a private gentleman.

The Ex-Emperor had many amiable qualities, and Brazil cannot but respect him. The accounts from the interior of the country are stated to be favorable to the existing Government, and the circumstance, that the new and youthful Emperor, (Pedro II.) was born in Brazil, and will be educated in a knowledge of its resources and wants, is mentioned with satisfaction in some of the Rio Journals. We have received a number of publications connected with the abdication of the Emperor, among which is a farewell address of the Empress to her adopted son the infant Emperor—who was lying asleep when the ex-Imperial family embarked; it is translated from the French in which language it was spoken, and is entitled "Adieu of the Empress." The language is very pretty, and brought to mind the farewell address of Mary Stuart to La belle France.

We have heard that the ex-Empress of Brazil is a lovely and amiable woman, and the style of these *adieux* betrays a grandeur of soul and thought, not often to be found in royalty.

Adieu of the Empress Amelia of Brazil, to the infant Emperor Leopold.

Adieu! beloved child, delight of my soul, joy of my eyes, child which my heart has adopted, adieu forever! adieu!

"Oh! how beautiful thou art in thy repose, my weeping eyes cannot satisfy themselves in beholding thee. The majesty of a crown, the weakness of infancy, the innocence of angels surround thy most graceful forehead with a halo of mysterious splendor which fascinates the mind."

Thou art the most interesting spectacle which the world can offer. How much grandeur, how much debility doth human nature enclose under the representation of an infant. A crown and a toy, a throne and a cradle.

The purple as yet only serves as a cloak, and he who commands Armies and directs an Empire, is destitute of all the cares of a mother.

Ah beloved child, if I were your true mother, if my womb had conceived you, no power would be capable of separating thee from me; no force should drag thee from my arms; prostrate at the feet of those who have abandoned my husband,—I would, bathed in tears, tell them: *do not behold in me the Empress, but only a despairing mother. Permit me to have the care of your treasures. You wish him to be safe and well treated, and who is there that would guard and take care of it with more affection. If I cannot remain in the right of a mother, I will be a servant or slave.*

But thou, angel of innocence and of beauty, dost not belong to me, except for the love which I have sworn for your august father. A sacred duty obliges me to accompany him in his exile, to traverse the seas and foreign lands; adieu, then, forever adieu!

Brazilian mothers! you who are tender and fond of your offspring, like the turtle doves of your groves, and the humming birds of your flowery fields, supply my place; adopt the *crowned orphan*; give him all a place in your family, and in your hearts.

Adorn his couch with the leaves of the constitutional tree; embalm him with the choicest flowers of your eternal spring; entwine the jessamine, the vanilla, the rose, the angelina, and the cinnamon, to crown his delicate head, when the golden diadem has wearied it.

Nourish him with the ambrosia of the most delicious fruits, the apple, the pine-apple and the meliduous cane; lull him to sleep to the sweet tones of your melodious strains.

Scare away from his cradle, the birds of prey, the subtle viper, the cruel *jararaca*; and also the vile adulators, who envenom the air which breathed in Court.—

If wickedness and treason should endeavor to ensnare him, arm in his defence your husbands with the sword, the musquet and the bayonet.

Teach his infant voice the words of mercy, which console misfortune; the words of patriotism, which exalts the generous soul, and at times whisper to his ear the name of his adopted mother.

Brazilian mothers, I confide to you this precious pledge of the felicity of your country, and of your people. There you have him, as beautiful and pure as the first begotten of Eve, in Paradise, I deliver him to you—Now I feel my tears flow with less bitterness.

Behold him there Brazilian woman, sleeping: I conjure you not to awake him, before I depart. His little mouth wet with my tears smiles like the rose blossom, moistened with the morning dew. He smiles, and the father and mother abandon him for ever!!

Adieu, orphan Emperor, victim of your greatness before you know how to estimate it. Adieu angel of innocence and of beauty!! Adieu!! Take this kiss, and this... and this last one. Adieu, for ever adieu!!!

Sagacity of Dogs in Madagascar. The dogs are said to be so sagacious, that, when one has occasion to cross the river, he will stand barking on the bank considerably lower down than the point where he means to attempt his passage. When the alligators have been attracted to the former spot, away he runs full speed, plunges into the stream, at a safe distance, and swims over before the enemy can sail back against the current to interrupt him.

A conceited actor once boasted of the number of characters that he had played in one evening. "I have seen you play two characters at once," said a sock and buskin brother. "What are they?" inquired the former. "Why you attempted the character of *Cæsar* and played the devil with it!" replied the latter.

Lachrymatories. We have often wondered how the tears of the mourners at the Roman funerals were collected so as to bottle them. Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Wales, gives a representation of the lachrymatory, or narrow species of spoon, (some what like our narrow spoon, but shorter handled,) destined to collect the tears of the relations of the deceased, in order to deposit them in the little phials, which were placed with the ashes in the urn, memorials of their grief.

Artificial Spermaceti. When the method of making artificial Spermaceti had become newly known, Dr. Schmeisser, of Hamburg, formed a quantity from some half decayed human muscles, by means of nitric acid; and, making it into candles, sent some of them to Blumenbach, with a notice that they were prepared from the legs of a man who, in his life time, had done no good. Upon which, this veteran naturalist observed, "Mortuus, qui in vita obscuri fuerunt." [They shined in death who in life were obscure.]

A party of Irishmen, about to go on a water excursion, being weary of waiting for one of their companions, who had not yet arrived at the place of embarkation, one of them peevishly exclaimed, "This is always the way: when we are all here there is always one missing."

Boston Transcript.

From the London Athenaeum.

NARROW ESCAPE OF PRINCE WILLIAM IN AMERICA.

Authentic Narrative of a Plan, (now first made public) for Capturing Prince William Henry, his present Majesty, during his stay at New-York, in 1782; with the original Letters of General Washington.

[The extraordinary interest of the following Historical Anecdote, has induced us to deviate from established custom, and to give it precedence of all other papers. It must be remembered that, wild as the project may seem, it was sanctioned by the cool deliberate judgment of Washington; and it cannot, therefore, be doubted, that his Royal Highness was, here, in a situation of great, though unknown, danger. We leave it to our readers to speculate on the possible consequences, had the plan succeeded.]

When his present Majesty, William IV., served as a midshipman in the British Navy, he was for some time on the coast of the North American colonies, then in a state of revolution, and passed the winter of 1781 in the city of New-York. He is still borne in lively recollection by many of the older inhabitants of that city, as a fine bluff boy of sixteen; frank, cheerful, and affable; and there are anecdotes still told of his frolicsome pranks on shipboard. Among these is the story of a rough, though favorite, nautical joke, which he played off upon a sailor boy, an cutting down his hammock while asleep. The sturdy sea-urchin resented this invasion of his repose; and, not knowing the quality of his invader, a regular set-to of fifty cuffs ensued in the dark. In this, it is said, the Prince showed great bottom, and equal generosity on the following morning, when he made the boy a handsome present of money. His conduct in this boyish affair is said to have gained him the hearts of all his shipmates.

The Prince manifested, when on shore, a decided fondness for manly pastimes. One of his favorite resorts was a small fresh water lake in the vicinity of the city, which presented a frozen sheet of many acres, and was thronged by the younger part of the population for the amusement of skating. As the Prince was unskilled in that exercise, he would sit in a chair fixed on runners, which was pushed forward with great velocity by a skating attendant, while a crowd of officers envied him, and the youthful multitude made the air ring with their shouts for Prince William Henry. It was an animating scene, in the bright sunny winter days, so common in that climate, and probably still retains a place in his Majesty's memory.

While the Prince was thus enjoying himself in the city of New-York, a daring plan was formed by some adventurous partisans of the revolutionary army, to pounce upon him and carry him off from the very midst of his friends and guards. The deviser of this plan was Col. Ogden, a gallant officer, who had served with great bravery in the revolutionary army from the very commencement of the war, and whose regiment at that time was stationed in the province (now State) of New-Jersey.

The present statement is drawn up from documents still preserved by the family of Col. Ogden, a copy of which has been obtained from one of his sons. The Prince at the time was living on shore with Admiral Digby, in quarters slightly guarded, more for form than security, no particular danger being apprehended. The project of Col. Ogden was to land secretly on a stormy night, with a small but resolute force, to surprise and carry off the Prince and the Admiral to the boats, and to make for the Jersey shore. The plan was submitted to General Washington, who sanctioned it, under the idea that the possession of the person of the Prince would facilitate an adjustment of affairs with the mother country, and recognition of the United States as an independent Nation.

The following is a copy of a letter of General Washington to Col. Ogden on the occasion. The whole of the original is in the hand writing of the General.

To Col. Ogden of the 1st Jersey Regiment.

"Sir,—The spirit of enterprise so conspicuous in your plan for surprising in their quarters, and bringing off, the Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause; and you have my authority to make the attempt in any manner and at such a time as your judgment shall direct.

"I am fully persuaded, that it is unnecessary to caution you against offering insult or indignity to the persons of the Prince or Admiral, should you be so fortunate as to capture them; but it may not be amiss to press the propriety of a proper line of conduct upon the party you command.

"In case of success, you will as soon as you get them to a place of safety, treat them with all possible respect; but you are to delay no time in

conveying them to Congress, and reporting your proceedings, with a copy of these orders.

"Given at Morristown, this 28th day of March, 1782. G. WASHINGTON."

"Note. Take care not to touch upon the ground which is agreed to be neutral—viz. from Rahway to Newark, and four miles back."

Before relating the particulars of this plan, it may be expedient to state, that the city of New-York is situated on the point of an island, which advances into the centre of a capacious bay. A narrow arm of the sea vulgarly called the East River, separates it on the left from Long, or Nassau Island; and the Hudson, commonly called the North River, separates it from New-Jersey. The British army was in possession of the city, and was strengthened by a fleet; but the opposite bank of the Hudson, which is about two miles wide, was under the power of Congress, and the revolutionary army was stationed at no great distance in New-Jersey, in a winter encampment of wooden huts.

The party that should undertake this enterprise would have to embark in boats from the Jersey shore; and it was essential that the whole affair should be accomplished between sun and sun.

The following is a plan intended to be executed, copied literally from the original, in the handwriting of Col. Ogden:—

"It will be necessary to have four whale-boats (which can be procured without cause for suspicion); they must be well manned by their respective crews, including guides, &c.; besides these, one captain, one subaltern, three sergeants, and thirty-six men, with whom the boats can row with ease.

[N.B. It is known where the boats are, and that they can be collected without suspicion with the oarsmen; and it is taken for granted, the owners will not object, though, for fear of giving the least cause for alarm, nothing has as yet been said to them.]

"The time of embarkation must be the first wet night after we are prepared. The plan is not yet agreed on, as it will be necessary to consult those skilled in the tides, previous to determining, which must be put off till we are as nearly ready as possible, for fear of inferences being drawn from our inquiries. We must, however, set off from each part of the Jersey shore, as will give us time to be in the city by half past nine. The men must be embarked in the order of embarkation.

"The Prince quarters in Hanover-square, and has two sentinels from the 40th British Regiment, that are quartered in Lord Stirling's old quarters in Broad-street, 200 yards from the scene of action. The main guard, consisting of a captain and forty men, is posted at the City Hall—a sergeant and twelve, at the head of Old Slip—a sergeant and twelve opposite the Coffee-house—these are the troops we may be in danger from, and must be guarded against. The place of landing at Coenties Market, between the two sergeant's guards, at the head of Old Slip and opposite the Coffee-house.

The order of embarkation to agree with the mode of attack as follows:

"First—Two men with a guide, seconded by two others, for the purpose of seizing the sentinels—these men to be armed with naked bayonets and dressed in sailor's habits—they are not to wait for any thing, but immediately execute their orders.

"Second—Eight men including guides with myself, preceded by two men with each a crow-bar, and two with each an axe, these for the purpose of forcing the doors should they be fast, and followed by four men, entering the house and seizing the young Prince, young noblemen, aids, &c.

"Third—A captain and eighteen to follow briskly, form, and defend the house until the business is finished, and retreat half a gun-shot in our rear.

"Fourth—A subaltern and fourteen, with half of the remaining boat's crew, and form on the right and left of the boats, and defend them until we return—the remainder of the crews to hold the boats in the best possible position for embarkation.

"Necessary—Two crow-bars, two axes, four dark lanterns, and four large oil-cloths.

"The manner of returning as follows:

"Six men with guns and bayonets, with those unemployed in carrying off the prisoners, to precede those engaged in that business, followed by the captain (joined by the four men from the sentry) at a half gun-shot distance, who are to halt and give a front to the enemy, until the whole are embarked in the following order:

"First—the prisoners, with those preceding them.

"Second—The guides and boatmen.

"Third—The Subaltern and fourteen.

"Fourth—The rear."

Such was the daring plan laid for the capture of the Prince, and which, even if not fully successful, might have placed his Royal Highness in a most perilous predicament. It appears, however, from a fragment of a letter addressed by General Washington to Col. Ogden, and apparently written almost immediately after the preceding one, that some inkling of the design had reached Sir Henry Clinton, then in New-York, and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. Gen. Washington communicates, in his letter, the following paragraph from a secret despatch, dated March 23d, which he had just received from some emissary, in New-York:

"Great seems to be their apprehension here. About a fortnight ago a great number of flat boats were discovered by a sentinel from the bank of the river, (Hudson's) which are said to have been intended to fire the suburbs, and in the height of the conflagration to make a descent on the lower part of the city, and wrest from our embraces, His Excellency Sir H. Clinton, Prince William Henry and several other illustrious personages; since which great precautions have been taken for the security of those gentlemen, by augmenting the guards, and to render their persons as little exposed as possible."

In another letter, dated Newburgh, April 2d, 1782, Gen. Washington observes, "After I wrote to you from Morristown, I received information that the sentries at the door of Sir Henry Clinton were doubled at eight o'clock every night, from an apprehension of an attempt to surprise him in them. If this be true, it is more than probable the same precaution extends to other personages in the city of New-York, a circumstance I thought it proper for you to be advised of."

This intelligence of the awakened vigilance and precautionary measures of the British command, effectually disconcerted the plans of Col. Ogden, and His Royal Highness remained unmolested in his quarters until the embarkation of the squadron.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

BY MR. MONSIEUR.

The barber takes you by the nose,
And tells about metaphysics,
And then corrects watchmen's discourse,
Their art in cosmology.

Last dying speeches beggars sell,
And poets about hy-ography
While *Farquhar* take walks and well
Improve them in topography.
And *condemners* and *perpetrators* still,
Consistent in their actions,
Break stones upon the road, their skill
To show in vulgar fractions.

The milkman who turns *pale* each day,
While studying *astronomy*;
Calls *pouring* on the milky way,
Political economy.

Our wagoners that up hill go,
Can tell you of *highways*—lies—
They taste the *honey* of "woh!"
And drag through lectures *prolix*.

Now gardeners *extract their roots*
By *science*, till they've not any;
And costermongers taste the fruits
(While selling greens) of *Bolton*.

Inkeepers *double entry* learn,
And wisely calculate;
While carpenters those sawyers spurn,
That *logarithms* hate.

The march of intellect all love,
All wish to have a hand in;
Even cobblers labor to improve
The *hamen* understanding.

Such is the general thirst for knowledge,
So little is its scarcity;
Soon Tooley-street will have its College,
St. Giles, its University.

Now Mister Cobbett all our fellows
Delights to make grammatical,
And *cats'* meat smellers, from their cellars,
Answer most *dog-matical*.

From the Wiscasset (N. Y.) Yankee.

SEA MONSTER.

We yesterday made a visit to Boothbay, or Townsend harbor, about thirteen miles from this place, to ascertain the particulars of a report here, respecting the "Sea Serpent," the same monster, probably, that visited the same harbor, last year about this time. He was first seen, this year, on Sabbath last, by Mr. Chandler, the keeper of the light in the harbor; but on Tuesday last, the nearest and most accurate view of this monster was had, we have ever heard of. This was from a northerly point in the western harbor so called, very near the dwelling of Marshal Smith, Esq. As he pass-

ed slowly by this and another small point of land nearly parallel from the same shore, there was a better opportunity of examining his length than was ever before afforded, more particularly as he passed very moderately within sixty feet of one of these points, where Mr. Smith and brother were standing to inspect him. He also passed and repassed several times within about 150 feet of Mr. Smith's wharf, where ten or twelve men were viewing him. As we were on the very spot, and the different points at which his length was estimated, and as he was seen again the very morning we arrived, the public may be assured, that the length of this monster, as estimated by ten or twelve respectable citizens of Boothbay, under the circumstances named, cannot be so very remote from truth.

No one of those who saw him could make oath that he was under 150 feet; but most of them would be willing to testify under oath, that his length could not be less than 200 feet. Of his size, no very accurate estimate could be made, as only parts of his body, from his undulating motions, could be seen at a time. No part of it, however, appeared larger than a common hoghead. All agree, as to this, and his general form, which resembled that of an eel, more than any other animal known. His color was so distinctly seen, as the sun was shining on him that there was no difference of opinion—it was brown on the back, and yellow-brown on the belly. All agreed that there were no bumps on his back; but his undulating motions in swimming were like those of a leech, which gave to his back precisely the appearance of the bumps hitherto described by those who have seen him. The shape of his head, which was most distinctly seen, was compared to a snake's—flat on the top, and tapering before and behind. Although of such immense length, he made several very short and quick turns, from which it may be inferred, his body cannot be very large in circumference. His head and tail in one of these turns appeared within less than 20 feet of each other. Neither dorsal nor lateral fins could be discovered by any one.

VARIETY.

"Oh, how, in such a wilderness as this!"

The following unique billet-doux is a correct copy from an original in our possession, which was handed us some time ago by a dashing acquaintance of the Lotharian stamp, who vouches for its authenticity, and requests its publication, (suppressing names and dates,) as a model for future amatory epistles. It will no doubt be regarded by the ladies as extremely touching. The postscript, it will be seen, touches the lover in the nicest part: *Monsieur's Journal*

Dear Sir—

I take up my pen to inform you that I am well, hooping you is the same—I want you to cum down the last of this week and if you dont you sassy rong you i will let you know so I wil that you shd stik to your promiss better than you do and if you do not i wil save you the same that a few young ladsy sarved their boughs. Nothing moar at present sirr but still remanes your affekshional sweethart till death. M. A.

the rose is red
the violet blew
sugars sweet
and so are you
if you love me
as i love you
no uife cud cut

P. S. there is a parson living here now—*sh* honey dont forget you know what. I remain yours till death. M. A.

Several hen-roosts have been played the mischief with, lately, in this town, by skunks. Last week a gentleman, being "filled with fury" at the loss of some thirty or forty chickens on which he had depended for many a future regale, "on thoughts of vengeance dire intent," set a trap in his hen-roost and went to bed, confidently trusting to see his arch enemy in the morning, confined by the leg. At the earliest dawn, he was awakened by the tapping of a servant at his door, with the exclamation, "Mr. —, we've caught!"—"Ah, the skunk? well, keep the rascal till I come down." "No sir, we've caught a—HEN." *Salem Gazette.*

Notice Extraordinary. The following advertisement was once posted up in a country tavern by the preceptor of the village academy:—"Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding an ass, belonging to Mr. —, up and down the academy stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method to inform the public, that he is determined to shoot this said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding at the time, to take care of himself, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the wrong one."

Mechanical Religion. The most curious part of the Calmuc system of religion is their mode of praying by means of machinery. "It consists of hollow wooden cylinders, of different sizes, filled with Tangued writings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters, in the Sanscrit character, commonly containing the formula Omma-in-bad-machum; each of these is fixed upon an iron axis which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable of being shut up flat, and is formed upon a small scale, much like a weaver's shearing machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross, there is a hole in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank in the spindle, the machine can be kept in motion; so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grindstone (only upright) upon its axis. Before the fire at Serepta, we had two large Kurdas of this kind, with Tangued writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another round the spindle, in the inside of the cylinder, to the length altogether of some hundred feet. These prayer-mills perform a much more important office than rosary, which only serves to assist the person who prays. The Moguls believe, that it is meritorious respectively to set in motion (whether by wind or otherwise) such writings as contain prayers and other religious documents, that the noise of these scraps of theology may reach the gods and bring down their blessings.—

Zwick's Travels in Cathay Tartary.

Echo. We are often amused by the epigrams and bon-mots of the *Sunday Times* newspaper. The annexed, in last number, is very good:—**Paganini.**—Our friend Sir Charles, who, by the by, never wears creaking shoes, consequently has no music in his sole, perpetrated the following, on earning the moderate charge to witness the performance of this modern Orpheus at the Opera House:—

What are they who pay three guineas

To hear a tune of Paganini's?

Echo.—Pack o' ninnies!"

On the fence. A gentleman told us the other day, that a friend of his went into a barber's shop in Washington, to be shaved. He was a stranger in the city, and the woolly-headed tonzor had never seen him before. After a little talk, he put to the barber the test question. "Was he for Jackson or Clay?" The poor fellow hesitated a moment between his desire to tell the truth, and his fear of losing a customer; and he looked at the stranger with a countenance of rueful perplexity. Suddenly, however, a thought seemed to strike him; his face brightened up; he placed his arms akimbo, and, with the gravity of an oracle, replied, "Sir, I shave both sides!"

Continued American.

The Law of Nations.—Ultima ratio regum, et the Logic of Kings.

The "law of nations?" Pshaw! 'tis all a joke, Spite of old Grotius, Puffendorff, and Vattel. The deity that despots still invoke, Is not the God of justice, but of battle: The "force of argument" the tyrant still By "argument of force" would overawe; They have no guide but interest and their will, Nor any code except the cannon law.

PICTURE OF MAN.

A worm, a God.—*Young.*
Dust and shade.—*Horace.*
A liar.—*St. Paul.*
The image of a flower.—*Job.*
A wolf to man.—*Plautus.*
Rottenness at his birth, a beast in life, and food for worms after death.—*Solon.*
The wisest and most foolish thing.—*Diogenes.*
A two footed featherless animal.—*Socrates.*
The spoil of time and sport of fortune.—*Archie.*
A snake—a palm.—*Anacharsis.*
A little God.—*Socrates.*
A little Devil.—*Erasmus.*
A little world, (microcosm).—*Aristotle.*
All that is good.—*Plotinus.*
All that is bad.—*Heinsius.*
An idler.—*Sappho.*
A celestial animal.—*Ovid.*
A falling leaf.—*Homer.*
Calamity itself.—*Hesiod.*
A shadow of dreams.—*Pindar.*
The study of mankind.—*Pope.*

Sailor's Veracity. A son of Neptune said the other day to a brother tar, Jack, you never caught me in a lie in your life. Very true, replied Jack, but d—n you, I have chased you from one lie to another all day.

N. Bedford Gazette.

"I have lived," said Dr. E. D. Clarke, "to know, that the secret of human happiness is this:—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongue and all:—keep them going."

A Blind Man.—Is a blackamoor turned outside in. His skin is fair, but his lining is utter dark; his eyes are like shotten stars—mere jellies, or like mock painted windows since the tax upon daylight. What his mind's eye can be is yet a mystery with the learned, or if he hath a mental capacity at all; for "out of sight is out of mind." Wherever he stands, he is antepodean, with his midnight to your noon. The brightest sunshine serves only to make him the gloomier object, like a dark house at a general illumination. When he stirs, it is like a Venetian blind being pulled up and down by a string. He is a human kettle tied to a dog's tail; and with much of the same tin twang in his tone. With botanists, he is a species of solanum, of night shade, whereof the berries are in his eyes; amongst painters, he is only contented for his ignorance of clear obscure; but, by musicians, marvelled at for playing, ante-sight, on an invisible fiddle. He stands against a wall, with his two blank orbs, like a figure in high relief, howbeit but seldom relieved; and, though he is fond of getting peace, yet he is confessedly blind to his own interest. In religion he is a materialist, putting no faith but in things palpable; in politics, no visionary; in his learning, a smatterer, his knowledge of all being superficial; in his age, a child, being yet in leading-strings; in life, immortal, for death may lengthen his night, but can put no end to his days; in his courage, heroic, for he winks at no danger; in his pretensions, humble, confessing that he is nothing even in his own eyes; in his mind, hopeless, for eyes of looking-glass would not help him to see.—To conclude, he is pitted by the rich, relieved by the poor, oppressed by the beadle, and horse-whipped by the fox-hunter, for not giving the view holla! *Booth's Comic Annual.*

Paganini and Jack Ketch. We have learnt from an exclusive source the cause of Paganini's postponement of his concert. He has had a visit from Jack Ketch, Esq., who addressed him in these words:—"Mounseer, I'm told as how you've com'd to this ere country to try and spoil my bizzness. You can play so vell on con string, can you, my durny cove? Now, I'll tell you vot—I am the bonny man in England what has patten rne to play with von string, and I is't agoin to be soup-or-seeded by any lumbugging fore-runner. I'm the man vot can handle the von string in the most deatest and most excecings manner, and I appeals to covey Harmer if I hav'it suspended many score of his clients in the most harmonious manner,—and if as how you or any other b-yy Frenchman, as Lord Byron says, comes here a trying to take the bread out of my mouth, blow me tight if I don't give them a neck squeezing, and so you had better ent your stick, or I'll give you a benefit you don't like."

Jack suited the action to the word in so determined a manner, that it gave Paganini the tremor cordis, and he made a strike so powerful as to surpass all his former sinkings, and promised, in a tremulous tone, not to attempt my rivalry with a gentleman so exclusively entitled to the monopoly of one string as Jack Ketch, Esq. *London Age.*

Concili. One of our heavy Wall-street PER CENT. gentlemen, who cuts a big swell among the trade, lately took a jaunt on South for speculative purposes: a meeting of a company of stockholders in a money-making institution was held at one of the public houses, to which meeting he was invited, but he did not arrive until they were taking the "Aye's and No's" on a motion made by one of the party.

Those who were in favor of the proposition signified the same by rising, and as it was one to which there was not much opposition, a pretty general rise was simultaneously made by nearly all present, and it so happened that our friend at that moment entered the room, with no small show of apparent self-importance. He immediately fancied himself the cause of this sudden motion, supposing that it was intended as a particular mark of respect for himself. "Gentlemen," says he, "do be seated—I beg you would not rise—you certainly do me too much honor—sit down, gentlemen, sit down." This naturally caused a general roar of laughter, and furnished a fine material for jokes. A wag on being told of the affair, observed that those who were disappointed in procuring stock were at least partially compensated by being furnished with very good laughing stock.

Schuyler's Lottery Herald.

A Londoner and a Yorkshireman were one day travelling in company, and as they passed a field, a horse neighed. "Ello!" exclaimed the Londoner, "vot kind of a noise his that are?"

"Who, that be an orse neigh."

"O! an orse neigh,—so hit his."

They had journeyed but a short distance farther, when a cock crew. "I suppose, friend," observed the Londoner, "you call that ere a cockneigh." And from this the Londoners are to this day called "cockneighs."

A Chinese Jest. A man who was accustomed to deal in the marvellous, told a country cousin of his that he had three great curiosities in his house; an ox that could go 300 miles a day, a cock that told the hour of the night, and a dog that could read in a superior manner. Says the cousin, "these are extraordinary things indeed! I must call upon you, and beg a sight of them." The liar returns home and tells his wife what had happened, saying he had got into a scrape, and did not know how to extricate himself. "Oh, never mind," says she, "I can manage it."—The next day the countryman called, and inquiring after his cousin, is told that he was that morning gone off to Peking. "And what time is he expected back?" "In seven or eight days." "How can he return so quick?" "He's gone off upon our ox." "Apropos, of that," continues the guest, "I am told that you have a cock that marks the hour." (A cock happened just then to crow.) "Yes, that's he; he not only tells the hour of the night, but reports when a stranger comes."—"Then your dog, that reads books! might I beg to borrow a sight of him?" "Why to speak the truth, as our circumstances are but narrow, we have sent our dog out to keep a school."

Pythagoreans. It is rather a whimsical fact, that at this time there reside in the immediate neighborhood of Oxford-road, three tailors, bearing the illustrious cognomens of Macbeth, Hamlet, and Shakespeare! [Manchester Advertiser.] ["A whimsical fact!" It is a melancholy fact. For as the name, according to Moliere, is the spirit, and as the spirit, according to Pythagoras, transmigrates into a perpetual succession of bodies, we need no further proof of the degeneracy of the present age than to find the hero, the philosopher, and the poet, dwindled into three mounds of a thing, which, in the catalogue, may go for a man. Who will disbelieve the Brahminical dictum that Zo-roaster is a grass-hopper?]

The American System. A couple of Hibernians (honest of course) while driving their carts up Broadway, a day or two since, stopped their vehicles to see the result of a scuffle between two oystermen, who were punneling each other in grand style. The advantage seemed rather to be in favor of one with red hair, who excited the admiration of Pat by his home thrusts. "Faith," says he, "I'll bate a trate on the sorrel top," but he unfortunately at that moment received a settler from his antagonist, which rolled him in the dust. "Ah, ah!" says his friend, "what do you call that?" "Oh," says Pat, "that's just your d—d American System."

Schuyler's Lottery Herald.

The Play of the Stranger. To Konzehee, its author, the total profit produced never exceeded two hundred German dollars, whilst Madame Mote, its literal translator, soon amassed a property of sixty thousand livres; and which odd circumstance is thus accounted for:—Throughout France, every night's theatrical receipts are divided into three parts, of which the author or translator receives a seventh of one-third; and this sum is paid him as long as he lives, and to his heirs ten years after his death.

Reynold's Dramatic Mirror.

II. How completely a fine poetical thought may be destroyed by the alteration of a single word! I recollect a ludicrous instance of this. I was quoting to M—q—y, who is rather deaf, a line of Campbell's, as being, in my opinion, equal to any that ever was produced:

"And Freedom struck it—as Kosciuszko fell."

"I dare say you are right," replied M—q—y; "but it does not quite please me: I must think of it." And he repeated—

"And Freedom squeaked—as Kosciuszko fell."

I. spicy Bon-mot. On the day after the dissolution of Parliament the Lord Chancellor appealing to Mr. Sydney Smith in relation to the tone of his own speech, inquired if he thought it of too violent or decided a character. "Not altogether so," was the reverend gentleman's reply; "yet I do think that a little less ginger might have been added to your mace!"

Liberty. Brasidas, the famous Lacedemonian General, caught a mouse: it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "Oh Jupiter," said he, "what creature so contemptible may have its liberty, if it will contend for it."

Curious Syllogism. The Grecian Logicians had a curious syllogism which they thought unanswerable. They laid down this proposition—"A syllable eats bread, lard and cheese." How so?—"Why a rat eats bread, &c."—grant it. "A rat is a syllable,"—grant it. Therefore, a syllable eats bread, lard and cheese.

Extraordinary Occurrence. Mr. Joshua Hempstead, a respectable citizen of this place, an acquaintance of ours, has been so blind for ten years past, as scarcely to discern the difference between day and night. Being of an industrious habit, it was his practice to be led into the field to assist in hoeing his corn and potatoes. A few weeks since, while at work, he placed, as usual, his staff in the centre of a hill of corn as a guide! when stooping with a quick motion, the top of the staff struck his eyebrow a violent blow and glanced over the eye, producing a severe pain. Immediately an intense light broke in upon the organ of sight, of every color of the bow, "a new heaven and a new earth" were presented to his view, and he immediately hastened home alone, bearing the joyful tidings to his astonished and happy family. His eye has not been inflamed, and he continues able to read a large type, and to distinguish objects at the distance of a mile, with a vision nearly equal to perfect sight.

New London Gazette.

Ladies of Patmos. There are hardly three hundred men in Patmos, and at least twenty women to one man; they are naturally pretty, but disguise themselves so with paint as to be absolutely frightful; yet that is far from their intention, for ever since a certain merchant from Marseilles married one of them for her beauty, they fancy there is not a stranger comes thither, but to make the like purchase. They looked upon us as very odd fellows, and seemed to be mightily surprised when they were told we only came to search for plants; they imagined on our arrival that we should carry into France at least a dozen wives.

Voyage into the Levant.

Quackery.—The Secutunary Case. A lady on Long Island, N. Y. considerably advanced in age, having been for some time afflicted with an affection of the nerves, and the neighboring physicians having failed to effectually repair her broken constitution, hearing of one of the quack order, she had him called. After he had for some time examined her pulse, she inquired, "Doctor, do you understand my complaint?" He answered, "Mam, it is a secutunary case." "Pray, Doctor," inquired the lady, "what is that?" "It is a drooping of the nerves, mam, the nerves having fallen into the pizirintum, and the head goes tizarizen, tizarizen?" "Ah! Doctor," exclaimed the lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

Dancing is not permitted in the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland, unless by special permission of the government; and this is almost always refused. In order that the pleasure of a dance may be enjoyed without incurring the penalties, a certain number of persons must subscribe a paper declaratory of their intention. This is handed to the council; and if the conservators of public morals in the Canton of Zurich think the dance may be allowed, and the republic preserved in purity notwithstanding, permission is accorded.

Charity. The Nantucket Inquirer, in noticing the persecution of the Quakers by the "Puritans" of Massachusetts in elder times, says, it "had its origin in the severe and Popish spirit of excommunication." It certainly had not its origin in the mild and Puritan toleration which characterised the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland!! How proud are we all to refer our admitted errors to the evil examples of others—and to consider their virtues, exceptions to the general rule of their corruption.

U. S. Gazette.

Whiskers. The Indians of Brazil and Guiana, adorn their faces with the fine orange colored plumage of the toucan. They cut the skin from the breast of the bird, and when dry, glue it to their cheeks. Perhaps it would be well for those luckless wights, who think there is an irresistible charm in full grown mustachoes, to adopt the same plan; it would shorten their "tarry at Jericho," and save the infinite amount of labor and vexation attendant on the cultivation of whiskers.

Ernestable Journal.

Cutting an Indenture. Among legal objections as to forms, there is one on the subject of which many of the legal fraternity appear to be unimpressed. Not long since an attempt was made to invalidate an indenture, because, though perfect in all parts, the paper, on which it was written was not cut in at the top. Judge Burroughs desired to look at the deed, and taking his scissors from his pocket, he quietly zigzagged it and returned it to the profound lawyer by whom the quibble had been started, as a valid instrument.

Journal of Law.

Consolation. An old lady once being very sorely afflicted with a disorder usually denominated hysterics, imagined she could not breathe, and appealed to her husband on the occasion, with, "Mr. —, I can't breathe." "Well, my dear," returned the affectionate husband, "I would not try, for nobody wants you should."

